

## A VETERAN'S VERDICT.

The War is Over. A Well-known Soldier, Correspondent and Journalist Makes a Disclosure.

ist Makes a Disclosure.

Indiana contributed her thousands of bravasoldiers to the war, and no state bears a better record in that respect than it does. In
literature it is rapidly acquiring an
enviable place. In war and literature
Solomon Yewell, well known as a writer as
"Sol," has won an honorable position. During the late war he was a member of Co. M.
3d. N. Y. Cavairy and of the 13th Indiana Infantry Volunteers. Regarding an important
circumstance he writes as follows:

"Several of us old veterans here are using
Dr. Miles' Restorative Norvine, Heart Cure
and Nerve and Liver Pills, all of them giving
splendid satisfaction. In fact, we have never
used remedies that compare with them. Of
the Pills we must say they are the best combination of the qualities required in a preparation of their nature we have ever known.
We have none but words of praise for them.
They are the outgrowth of a new principle in
medicine, and tone up the system wonderfully. We say to all, try these remedies."

—Solomon Yewell, Marion, Ind., Dec. 5, 1892.

These remedies are sold by all druggists on
a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on recetpt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles \$6, express prepaid. They positively contain neither
opiates nor dangerous drugs.

Sold by all d aggints.

## THE GUILT TEST.

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It was at the time of my return from India, remarked Carlton Rhodes, the famous detective, that I settled in London for a few months in older to carry out a study which I was then engaged upon that would help me in my business of solving criminal mysteries. I took a room in Fitzroy street, which, as you know, is situated in the foreign quarter, lying between Tottenham Court road and Oxford street. A Frenchman named Lerocq kept a cigar store at the end of the cul do sac beyond where Rathbone place comes to Fitzroy street, whose place I frequented a good deal. The neighborhood swarms with artists, and I had led him to suppose that I belonged to the palette guild, because anyone in my business, as you know, is always looked



"THAT'S LEFEBRY." upon askance by strangers. One night I met a person in the cigar store who interested me considerably. He was a Frenchman, and as I spoke French easily he felt at home with me, and we had quite a conversation. We talked of a number of things, and when he

finally left, the keeper of the cigar store whispered to me: "That's Lefebry."

"Lefebry?"

Col course, I knew who he meant, instantly.
"A fellow-countryman of ours," he
"A fellow-countryman of ours," he
explanation; "blood's "A fellow-countryman of ours," he said, by way of explanation; "blood's thicker than water. You are a Frenchman, aren't you?"

I nodded my head but did not an-

swer, preferring not to forswear my own country—a sin which no one should unnecessarily commit.

"Lefebry," the name sounded like music to my ear. I felt as if partially under the influence of an intoxicant. My heart quickened and sent the blood thumping to my brain cells.

Lefebry was the man for whom the London police had been searching for vecks, in the belief that he had murdered a woman over in the Eastern dis-

My silence caused the cigarmaker to

look anxious.
"You wouldn't attempt to do him any harm, would you?" he asked me

carnestly in French.
"Harm," I answered, almost too
dazed by the information to make more than a mechanical answer.

"Oh, certainly not: I'd rather do him good, if that were possible," I added promptly, observing his alarm. "He is in disguise, of course," con-tinued Lerocq, confidentially, "and ne one would ever recognize him; but I have known him for years, and he has come to me to get the money with which to buy a ticket for America." "Where is he going to in America,"

'To New York, I suppose. That's

where all the steamers run to, and he's best off in a big city."

"Right in both things, and unfortunate, too," I replied, as an idea suggested itself to me on the instant. Here was the opportunity for me to try an experiment which I had been waiting for without any definite hope of ever possibly obtaining it. So I

raid to the cigarmaker:

'I shall be leaving for New York myself very shortly, and if your friend wants to do what I suggest it may help him out of his difficulty. I've grown so lazy in India that I hate to wait on so lazy in India that I hate to wait on myself after having had a servant to do almost everything for me. Besides, I am sure to be sick crossing, and may want a little attention. If your friend Lefebry cares to go as my servant I'll pay his passage over and keep him, when there, until he gets something to

"That's a splendid arrangement.
He'll jump at the chance, I know, when
I tell him you are all right," answered
the Frenchman, handing me a box of
genuine Havanas in his Aslight and

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asking me to have a smoke with him. A week later Lefebry and myself left Liverpool on the Toutonic for New

I had spent the week in looking up one Leteury murder case. At scotland Yard I was favored with the information that the authorities were capable of coping with the matter themselves required no assistance in unravel-

ing the mystery.
In other directions I was more fortu-nate; I found a friend of the murdered woman who was a perfect treasure to me. She furnished a full length photograph of the victim, and I was able to get from her a fair idea of what the dead woman's voice resembled, to-gether with some less important particulars. I was now in position to be-come a mental vivisectionist in earnest and with every facility to help me in

my experiments.

Lefebry had murdered the woman undoubtedly. He was thrown into the closest possible contact with me, and considered me his best living friend, although I had never pledged myself to him in any way. He had, moreover, no suspicion as to what really was my occupation or purpose.

Perhaps I had an unfair advantage

of him, but I do not think so. More-over, it did not matter if justice were

Among my papers is a queer collec-tion of data which I have accumulated in my travels. From the St. Peters-ourg police I obtained a series of photographs of the palms of murderer's one of their faces. These included several hundreds of specimens, and I

had had composite photographs made of them, which showed the average physiognomy of the blood-spiller. I had also gathered a few specimens

of the eyes of murdbrers, which I considered would some day prove more serviceable than anything else I possessed in the detection of crime in con-nection, perhaps, with the spectro-Cope.
There has been a theory held that

the thoughts which emanate from the mind are identified with the different colors, and it has been proven from the work of ancient potters and others that color sight is a sense which has developed enormously in the human being during the past few centuries.

The multiplication of new shades is now so infinite that a special training is necessary in order to be able to dif-ferentiate them correctly. It has always occurred to me that

colors have a great connection with ideas. For instance, we immediately connect white with purity, blue with truth and immensity, and red with destructiveness. Fire is red. The color of the blood is not known until it is spilled, when it is seen to be red. plossom of the poppy, from which opium, the great destroyer of conscious-ness and moral strength comes, is red. The scarlet woman of the Bible takes her color from her infamous character, and I should not be surprised if guilt could be photographed and analyzed

by the spectroscope, to find red also.

But these are only theories, like my theory of automatic writing.

I believe that some day all we shall have to do to determine a person's guilt or innocence will be to put the suspect in a cell, clap an electrical appropriate or said administration. paratus on and administer a dose of other to remove the controlling power of the upper brain, so that by fastening the fingers to something like the transmitting pencil of a telautograph the prisoner will write out his or her own death warrant or acquittal, as the case may be. Of course, lawyers, judges and detectives would not want to see this accomplished, but I consider that an excellent way to dispose of persons suspected of murder and condemned on circumstantial evidence would be to band them over to a board of psychological experts for purposes of experi-

However, in the present case I had none of those facilities by which to discover Lefebry's secret, and I had simply to be satisfied with a ruse in order to extort from him, if possible, a confession of murder.

For my investigation I had one tremendous advantage. Lefebry did not know that his identity was suspected by me. This gave me a chance to make observations which I could not otherwise have made; since the moment a person is under espionage a cer-tain secretiveness, which is the selfprotecting instinct of all animali, en-ables him to cloak even his feelings from observation.
In fact, unless there is absolute proof



"I ASKED HIM TO MAIL IT." that a person commits a crime, no atcempt should be made to accuse, as the only means by which it would be possi-ble to positively determine his guilt or nnocence is immediately closed up by this clam-like propensity. To suspect is not only to put a person on his guard, but also to produce a strong feeling against permitting the facts to be learned that arises out of sheer con-

trariness of spirit.

This is proved by the fact that not one in a hundred persons executed for murder fail to assert their innocence to the last moment. To this end the defending of prisoners by various stratagems on the part of lawyers conduces very strongly. On the same principle a person who has told a lie, even when edlessly and uselessly, will tell a hundred more in order to preserve the im-pression that he did not lie in the first

nstance. The fact of the matter is that crime is a disease, and some day instead of dragging suspected persons off to prisshall send for an ambulance and take them to the nearest asylum, or

else they will be shadowed by psychological experts, something in the manner that I treated Lefebry.

From the moment that I first came in contact with the Frenchman I made it a point to act in every way as if I knew nothing and suspected nothing concerning him. This was indispensable. It was impossible for me to use the more subtle and imperceptible processes by which a psychological adept might lay bare the secret workings of the con-sciousness, and I accordingly had to ex-periment with one which was confined strictly to the domain of practical physics.

physics.

I have always found that a conscience can be worked upon by fear more than

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oy any offer means. A thier will im-mediately commence to feel uneasy if an officer of the police is anywhere pear him.

The consciousness of every criminal action ever committed by a person is mnipresent, though not always real-There are certain conditions which

There are certain conditions which quicken that consciousness into such activity that the mind of the criminal becomes terrorized by it. The probability of discovery is the strongest condition to stimulate such a feeling. Now, what I proposed to do was to make a series of mental tests, which,

make a series of mental tests, which, while unaccompanied by any apparent purpose, should affect Lefebry in the manner that I desired, so as to wring from him an admission of his guilt. It my collection were a number of pictures which had been taken by an aliesed spirit photographer, and several other interesting exhibits which I interest to utilize. I attempted nothing until I was settled in a place which was especially adapted for my purpose, having selected it, to a certain extent, for my

operations before moving in.

Lefebry understood English thoroughly, as he had lived in England for years, and I hid nothing from him that might attract his mind to morbid and antalizing thoughts. I simply wanted to hasten him unconsciously to the con-

gardener forces his plants.
One night I had a visitor, a news paper man, well acquainted with crim-inal matters, whom I induced to talk of murders and the possibility of an actual murderer ever escaping the clutches of the law. The matter used in the discussion had all been arranged eforehand, and I was soon conscious that Lefebry was listening to the con-versation. When he brought the tray in with some glasses and the appoli-naris, his hand was trembling violent-I spoke to him kin ly and said that

ly. I spoke to him kin ly and said that there was no special need for him to stay up unless he chose to do so, as we ould wait on ourselves. He said that he wanted to read the paper, and re-tired to the other room without closing the door.



FOR GOD'S SAKE, MARIE, GO AWAY!" A few days after there was a murder story in the daily papers, describing a crime similar to the one which Lefebry had committed. I was not surprised to find him deeply interested in reading it the first chance he had to do so when ne did not think I was observing him. He read all the papers care ally every day, another fact which I had carefully marked. One day I held the photo-graph of the palm of a man's hand up, when he was serving my dinner, re-marking casually that it was the composite photograph taken from the palms of a hundred murderers which the newspaper man had left behind him. I asked him to pack it up and mail it to the gentleman, as I did not care to have it around the house. The photograph had been made from a roll of wax upon which Lefebry had pressed his own hand unconsciously in handing quost t out and had a photo-micrograph aken of it.

Before forwarding it Lefebry took care, after I had, as he thought, gone out, to compare the photograph with the lines in his own hand. When I came into the room half an hour later he was pre-occupied and silent.

One day he asked me whether thought it possible that spirits could be photographed. I replied carelessly that I had never thought much about the subject, but it seemed possible that the subject, but it seemed possible that if stars which were not visible to the naked eye could be photographed, as they had been, that spirits might also be caught by the camera. I also remarked that I didn't care a rap whether they could or not, and I heard Lefebry utter a distinct sigh; then I laughed the matter off as if aimlessly.

Lefebry was now in a fitting condition for my covering a speciment.

tion for my crowning experiment. He was getting into a state of complete nervous collapse, owing to the effects of my system, and yet he had not, I know, any cause to suspect that I was

working for any pur pose.

There is an entertainment called "Pepper's Ghost" in London. It is an illusion caused by refraction, a number of mirrors being so arranged that the figure of a person is thrown on the stage and the audience is delighted by seeing the operator walk through the figure, which is really only a reflection "Pepper's Ghost" which gave me the idea for the experiment I was about to make with Lefebry. I had made up an exact duplicate of the murdered woman, and had arranged a sliding pannel into Lefebry's room through which to hrow the reflection of the figure, trusting to the terrorized condition of efebry to replace the panel without is observing it.

In a chest which was securely locked, and from the interior of which I had in several places cut the wood away, leaving only a thin coating of linen, which had been well perforated. I had placed a phonograph, to which I had fixed a wire, carried through into the other room, by means of which I could

set it going at the necessary moment. After Lefebry had retired to bed one night I brought out my apparatus, which had been constructed on the style of that used by Pepper, and by appointment a young woman, whom I had selected out of about ten thousand photographer's negatives that I bad examined and had previously fixed so as to exactly resemble the girl whom Lefebry had killed, was no selessly admitted to the room. At a given mo-ment the figure was focussed over the trunk containing the phonograph, and a curtain which hung in front of the panel was moved back. A hideous noise was then emitted from the phonograph, sufficient to awaken Lefebry, which ceased as soon as he rubbed his

which ceased as soon as he rubbed his oyes and gave a faint scream. "For God's sake, Marie, go away!" I suddenly heard Lefebry beseeching, and then I released the phonograph again, so that the instrument replied

"I shall haunt you until you have con-fessed that you murdered ma."

"Go away! Go away! I will tell the police everything tomorrow. You know I did not mean to kill you, Marie," oried Lefebry, in the wildest "I leave you the knife with which

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you committed the deed to witness your promise," said the phonograph, at the same time a knife which had been previously dipped in blood, and which was thrown through the passel by myself, who at one time had a good deal of practice at pig-sticking to India, went whizing over the bed and stock into the wall above his head.

Lefebry drew the clothes over him and screamed, giving me a good chance to close the panel and clear off my paraphernalia. After this was done in you continued the deed to witness

vent to the door of Lefebry's room and knocked.
"Did I hear you call, or was it a noise in the street?" I saked, in a drowsy voice, feigning to have been re-

cently awakened.
"I have not called, so you must have
"I have not called, so you must have been disturbed by noises outside," answered Lefebry, feebly, and I retreated to my own bed after putting away all signs of the mc'us operandi with which I had work. my experiment. I shall never forget the look on Lefebry's face when he brought me my coffee in the morning. I asked him it he was not well, and he said, "No:" He was afraid that perhaps the climate of America did not suit him, as he was troubled with a number of allments.

The knife which I had thrown into Lefebry's room was a duplicate of the one with which his victim had been murdered, and which, after examining dosely at Scotland Yard, I had trace to the cutier's where he bought it, there procuring the duplicate. In the morning I saw Lefebry carefully exam-ining the knife, which he had pulled out of the wall in a stupefied and hopeess way. Presently he came into me and told

me he wanted to have a private talk with me about a private matter. was trembling so violently that I had to stimulate him with brandy before he Then he told me what I already knew. He did not know that the phonograph already held his confession,

and no one but myself and the young lady who acted the part of the ghost ever knew how Lefebry came to confess his crime. He is not dead yet, as he was only sentenced to life imprisonment, and he writes me a letter from Portland occa-

sionally commencing "My dear friend." But of course there can be no sentimentality in my profession any more than there can be in the legal or medical, and Carlton Rhodes threw his stub away viciously as he rose, saying that he knew a man who made very passable cocktails. ARTHUR FIELD.

LOST IN THE OPERA HOUSE.

Startling Experience of Two Young Women In Gotham's Vast Building.

Two young women living on the west side had an experience in the Metropolitan Opera House a few nights ago that they are not likely to forget. Like a great many other music lovers in the city these times, the necessity of keeping a careful watch over expenditures had induced them to forego the opera, to their regret, and when a friend sent them "family circle" tickets for one of the best performances the gift was accepted with unusual pleas

Arrangements were made with an elderly gentleman, who was an old friend of their family, to meet the young women at the close of the opera at the Fortieth street entrance, and they enjoyed the entertain-ment secure in the thought that they would have a safe escort home.

When the opera was over, however, the young women turned in the wrong direction on leaving the gallery, and when they reached the entrance they found they were on the Thirty-ninth street side of building. A heavy rainstorm had set in during the evening, they had no umbrella, and to "ruin" their hats and dresses by running around to Fortieth street was not to be thought of.

Taking counsel together, they decided other way. They did so and found the Fortieth street entrance closed. Pounding on the door brought no response, and the young ladies started back to the gallery to go to the other exit. Just as they reached the family circle again the lights were sud denly turned off, and the frightened wom en were left in utter darkness alone in the

described opera house. That they were seared nearly out of their wits goes without saying, and when one of them saw the dim light of a lantern carried by some one walking across the stage away down below she was too nervous to even call out for help. Her com panion, however, managed to scream loudly enough to be heard on the stage, and the watchman who carried the lantern was finally made to understand that there were two distressed females in the gallery who wanted very much to get out.

He shouted directions to feel along the walls until they reached & certain door, through which they could go down stairs to the stage. Groping their way along the young women entered a passageway They crept along, an inch at a time, feeling for a stairway. One of them came to a door and turned the knob. The door opened, and the two found themselves looking in upon a party of half a dozen gentlemen sitting around a table enjoying

a midnight lunch. It is hard to say whether the diners or the intruders were the more astonished. but the latter were certainly more scared. of the person between the mirrors, but the were trying to say something to which looks like the reality. It was explain their situation when a door on the other side of the room opened, and in step ped the friend they had tried to meet. He had waited until the Fortieth street doors were closed, had hastened to the other entrance, found that also closed, and fearing something had happened had induced the stage doorkeeper to let him go into the house in search of his friends. He was on his way to the gallery when he stepped into the room and met the young women he was searching for.

Explanations followed, and the women and their escort were soon safely out of the building, but the opera house has less at-traction for two music lovers than it once had.—New York Herald.

Dr. Bulsson of Pasts is the author of a pamphlet treating of a certain prevention and cure of hydrophobia by vapor baths. The author has tested his plans for years with, it is claimed, utmost invariable success and is so convinced of its infallibility that he offers to submit himself to inoculation with the virus of a rabid dog.

A Building That Stopped Clocks.

A local corporation established its headquarters on the top floor of one of the tall-est buildings in town. The attorney had a room to himself, the secretary was given another palatial apartment, the superinendent reigned supreme in another place and the president was of course compelled to outdo all the others in leather cushioned chairs, massive tables and expensive

The crowning glory of his private office was a big clock with an elaborately carved case. It was the best clock in the entire stock of a local dealer, and it had a long, shiny pendulum which was to swing slow white ones, brightens colored ones. ly and with regulatity, as became a clock Softens flannels and other blankets, and owned by the president of such a solid and contains nothing to injure the most respectable corporation.
On the first day the pendulum stopped.

The clock was sent back to the dealer, whose experts took it apart, oiled it and set it to running again. Once more it was taken up to the president's office and once more it ceased running. For a second time the experts dissected it and found every part in working order. It kept time to the ond for two days and was confidently re-

again fa two hours, "The clock has stop-An architect who became acquainted

tery. He said the oscillation of the high building counteracted and stopped the swing of the pendulum. The pendulum couldn't work with any regularity so long as the building was nodding around in the changing winds like a cattall before a summer sephyr.
"So the tall buildings do swing back

and forth?" he was asked.
"Certainly, but don't be afraid. They'll not break."-Chicago Record. Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Disco ery for consumption, coughs and colds upon this condition. If you are af licted with a cough, cold or any lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottle free at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

Mr. Jimsmith, the lawyer, whose name is a household word in Chicago, recently moved into a beautiful suburban home He is highly pleased with it in a genera way, but so many agents call upon that he finds it rather a bore. The other day he opened the door to 12 agents before the afternoon was half over, and when he was summoned to the door for the thir

teenth time he was mad enough to fight a

herd of porcupines. A tall, sad eyed man,

dressed in black, confronted him and start

ed to say something, but Mr. Jimsmith

nterrupted him:
"You don't need to tell me what you have to sell, because I don't want it; I don't need a burglar proof clock, nor a bootjack that has a music box in it, nor a stem winding can opener: I don't"-

"My dear sir, you are mis"——
"Oh, you don't need to 'dear sir' me; it
won't work. I tell you I don't want a gate that may be taken from its hinges and used as a folding bed; I have no use for a combined currycomb and mustache cup: I have a full supply of furniture polish. cough medicine and hair restorer, and, what's more, my wife doesn't need a rec lpe for preserving codfish or frying billiard

"Really, sir, this is a most extraordina

"Oh, of course, it's extraordinary, but I don't want it. I suppose it can be used to grate horse radish and tune the piano, but I tell you that I don't need it. Perhaps it will take the grease spots out of clothing, pare apples and chase dogs out of the yard, but you'll have to go somewhere else to sell it. I am surprised that a man of your age and respectable appearance should go around trying to sell pocket cornshell-ers when the whole neighborhood is full of wood that ought to be sawed. What's the use of trying to sell a man a fire escape when you can make \$1 a day baling day?" "I'm not an agent."
"Then what are you?"

"I'm the pastor of the Orthodox Brethren church, and I came over to get acquainted, not knowing that you were run-ning a private madhouse. Good day."— Chicago Tribune.

Persons who sympathize with the afflicted will rejoice with D. E. Carr of 1255 Harrison street, Kansas City. He is an old sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism, but has not heretofore been troubled in this climate. Last winter he went up into Wis. climate. Lest winter he went up into Wisconsin, and in consequence has had another attack. "It came upon me again very a rate and severe," he said. "My joints swelled and became inflamed; sore to touch or almost to look at. Upon the urgen request of my mother in-law I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm to reduce the swelling and case the pain, and to my agreeable surprise, it did both. I have used three fifty cent bottles and believe it to be the finest thing for rhemmatism, pains and swellings extant. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O. 1m Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Lime.

Onapoleon, Ohio.

JUSTICES.

J. P. DUNBAR,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

And Pension Agent,

Marion township, Henry county, Ohio. Post-office address Hamler.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Lime.

The Sand Cure For Dyspepsia

A new remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble has made its appearance in southern Oregon. It is nothing less than a spoonful of common, everyday river bot tom sand, taken wet just after meals. William Bybee, a well known citizen and proprietor of Bybee's springs, is supposed to be the originator of this queer remedy, but quite a number of veracious gentle men testify to its curative properties, which are supposed to take the form of mechanical action by carrying off impurities from the mucous lining of the walls of the stomach. "Take sand" is quite a popular plece of advice around Ashland when any me complains of chronic stomach trouble. As there is no patent on the sand, that

ommodity being within reach of the poorest of us, this article cannot be called a atent medicine advertisement.-Grant's Pass Courier.

A Japanese lady's visiting dress often costs \$200, not including her hairpins, which are always a most important item. As the fashion never changes, both dress and pins are handed down from mother to daughter. In each city the women wear a color peculiar to themselves. In Tokyo it is blue in Kioto slate gray, and so on. Japanese women have strange ideas of adding to their beauty. They shave off their eyebrows and have penciled ones with an exaggerated arch. They paint their lips a vivid crimson, with a patch of gold in the center, and their faces a chalky white. The peasant girl of course cannot afford all this decoration and must be content with her own rosy cheeks and tanned

Do you not wish to save

money, clothes, time, labor, fuel, and health, if possible? All these can be saved by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Try it once. We say this, knowing that if you try it, once, you will always use it. Union Meat Market It is economy to save one, price of a bar of soap, and lose five dollars or more, in lose five dollars or more, in Glass.

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